

## WOMAN DYING; RESULT OF CRASH IN A JOY RIDE

Wife of Chauffeur Who Took  
Employer's Car Thrown  
Against Iron Fence.

## OTHERS ESCAPE INJURY.

Hurled Through Air as Machine  
Turns Turtle After Skid-  
ding Into Curb.

Her skull fractured, both arms broken in several places, and suffering from internal injuries, Mrs. Cecelia Hazzard, of No. 628 Union street, Brooklyn, is at the Seney Hospital, where little or no hope is entertained for her life, the victim of an automobile accident last night, when with a number of women friends she started out for a "joy ride" with her husband, Robert, a chauffeur.

Hazzard is employed by a motor car company of No. 1639 Broadway, and last night he was engaged by a party of men to drive them to the Union League Club, Brooklyn. Arriving there, Hazzard was told that she could return to the party in two hours. As his home was near by, he decided to take his wife for a ride.

Mrs. Hazzard asked if she might invite several of her women friends living in the same house to accompany them. Hazzard consented, and accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lawson and their six-year-old son, Mrs. Mary Shanley and her little boy and Mrs. Mary Johnson and her little boy.

As Mrs. Hazzard is very stout, weighing nearly 300 pounds, she occupied the rear seat in the tonneau with one of the little boys. The others sat in the seats at the side and a start for Prospect Park was made.

The car proceeded down Union street at a fair rate, and upon turning south into Eighth avenue Hazzard applied the brakes when taking the turn. The car locked and held firm and the car skidded over toward the sidewalk. As the wheels struck the curb they collapsed and all the occupants of the car were hurled into the street, the car turning turtle.

Mrs. Hazzard struck on her head against an iron railing that surrounded the residence of Dr. Beekman Delahanty. The two little boys were flung high in the air, but by rare good luck they alighted on one of the cushions of the car, which had been thrown into the street, and they escaped injury.

Others Not Injured.  
When Hazzard and his joy ride guests came to themselves upon the run to the side of Mrs. Hazzard, who had not moved since she struck the sidewalk. By this time Dr. Delahanty, who had heard the commotion, ran to the sidewalk, and after rendering what aid he could to the injured woman he sent in an ambulance call.

The other occupants of the car suffered no injuries and made their way to their homes by street car.

Hazzard remained with his car, which was completely wrecked, until he had communicated to his garage, and then hastened to the hospital, where he has since remained at the bedside of his dying wife.

BOY CONFESSES ROBBERY.  
Thirteen-Year-Old Lindsey Glen Apparently Unconcerned.

(Special to The Evening World.)  
MINEOLA, L. I., March 22.—With a laugh and seemingly unconcerned about his position, Lindsey Glen, a bright lad of thirteen, today stood before Judge Edgar Jackson in the County Court and pleaded guilty to robbery in the second degree. He was sent to an industrial school at Rochester.

Frank A. States was sentenced to Sing Sing at hard labor for eighteen years, and Jacob J. Schmidt to the same term and an additional three years and four months in a second case. The two men, a negro and a white man, last June assaulted and robbed an aged butcher, Jacob Block.

Help Wanted  
To-Day!

Be advertised for in The Morning  
World's Want Directory.

MONDAY, MARCH 22, 1909.	
Addressors	2
Agents	2
Alterations	1
Artists	1
Bakers	1
Barbers	1
Blacksmiths	1
Bookbinders	1
Bookkeepers	1
Boys	1
Brokers	1
Butchers	1
Butcher-Makers	1
Cabinet-Makers	1
Carpenters	1
Chaplains	1
Chambermaids	1
Chauffeurs	1
Collectors	1
Compositors	1
Cooks	1
Cooks (F)	1
Cutlers	1
Dishwashers	1
Drivers	1
Drug-Clerks	1
Electricians	1
Embroiderers	1
Engineers	1
Farmers	1
Fishermen	1
Folders	1
Foremen	1
Girls	1
Total	1,605

The World printed to-day 1,605  
Help Ads., 874 more than all other  
New York papers combined.

## MRS. JEFFRIES SORRY TO GO AWAY FROM NEW YORK

Champion's Wife Calls Mov-  
ing "Only Unpleasant Part  
of Theatrical Business."

## HAD BUSY TIME HERE.

Believes "Ideal Couple" More  
Important Than Dr. Ab-  
bott's "Ideal Woman."

"I feel just as though I were going away from home," said Mrs. James J. Jeffries, at the Hotel Albany, last night, where she was packing up preparatory to a change for Boston. "This is the only unpleasant feature of the theatrical business; that is, leaving home. I am not required to act, but it is only to stand and wait. But I think we will like Boston, and I know they will like Jim—even though John L. Sullivan has been a favorite there for many years."

Mrs. Jeffries declares that she has had the happiest kind of a trip to New York, and she would not change experiences with any one.

"Out in the West, where I live," she explained, "every one hopes and prays for a chance to go East. I've had my chance, and it's been a good one. How have I spent my time? Well, of course, in New York one does not get up as early as they do on a California ranch. If you won't let my Los Angeles friends know, I'm willing to admit that I haven't got up one morning since I've been here before 5:30 A. M."

She halted a moment to see if any disapproval was manifested.

Jim and the Rising Sun.  
"Jim doesn't like to get up early, either," she added. "He does not object to seeing the sunrise, but he is very unhappy if he's called upon to see it. In the morning I have shopped, and how I've enjoyed it! Always, however, I've been compelled to go alone. Jim says that he does not expect me to accompany him to the ring, and I must not expect him to 'second' me at bargain sales. After lunch I go with Jim to the theatre and leave him there. There is a good matinee in town for me to take it in. At night I usually go to the theatre or opera. Then we meet, have supper together and go home."

"Despite this I find time to attend to all of Jim's correspondence, and that keeps me busy. Why, I have hardly had a leisure moment."

Mrs. Jeffries talked more about her home. "Of course I've enjoyed this trip," she said, "but, honestly, I'd hate to live here all the time. The ranch is the place. People need rest, air and out-door life. It must be terrible to be cooped up all the time in a flat. Some of the San Francisco papers had fun with me because I had my picture taken while making butter at the churn. Now, what was there to laugh at in that?"

"If I had been taken in the cab of a locomotive or in the prize ring in costume, I might be able to understand it, but I can make butter—mighty good butter, too. And I'm not ashamed of it. I put up my own preserves and have never spoiled one jar. How many of your society women can say that? I love housework, every branch of it—except sewing! I have taken my fancy work as an occasional diversion, but I couldn't make my own clothes any more than Jim could."

Mrs. Jeffries was asked if she had read Dr. Lyman Abbott's definition of the "ideal woman." She admitted that she had, but expressed a belief that the worthy minister had wasted words, and in addition was too one-sided in his conclusions.

The Ideal Couple.  
"You cannot have an ideal woman without an ideal man," she asserted. "At least not for long. The ideal part of the partnership will get tired and disgusted when it realizes that its efforts are unappreciated. The ideal wife is the woman who devotes herself to pleasing her husband and considering his comfort. The ideal husband is the man who recognizes her care, appreciates it, and always acts in such a way that she has confidence in him. The combination makes the ideal couple, the happiest in the world. But both persons interested must realize their duties and live up to the partnership agreement."

Mrs. Jeffries was asked how matters stood in her own household.

"Jim is an ideal husband, all right," she replied, "and I try to be an ideal wife. He thinks I succeed. I hope I do."

## AUTO EXPLODES AMONG 20 MOTORS

Big Disaster Averted in Garage  
by Employee's Presence  
of Mind.

An automobile owned by W. J. Tuncue, of the Anthon Auto Company, at Seventy-third street and Broadway, caught fire in L. A. Cushman's garage at No. 325 West Sixty-fifth street, today while being moved. The machine was quickly pushed into the street and a fire alarm was turned in. The fire was put out with a damage of \$500.

Howard Parkerton, an employee in the garage, was moving the automobile when the explosion occurred, igniting the machine. Nobody was injured.

A single stream was put on the flames and they were quenched in a hurry. There were about twenty other automobiles in the garage, and the burning machine was pushed in a lane between two rows of the others, so that it was not a danger.

## Mrs. James J. Jeffries, Wife of Champion, Who Discusses Her Visit to New York



"I ATTEND TO ALL OF JIM'S CORRESPONDENCE, AND IT KEEPS ME BUSY"

"I ENJOY SHOPPING  
IN YOUR SPLENDID  
NEW YORK STORES"

## CORNICE SAVES FAMILY FROM DEATH IN FIRE

Five Crawl Along Narrow  
Ledge to Safety—Boy  
Hurt by Fall.

Ten persons had narrow escapes early today in a fire which gutted the three-story frame house at No. 305 Bushwick avenue, Williamsburg.

Morris Epstein, his wife and three children, who live on the second floor, had to crawl along a narrow cornice to the adjoining house and they reached the street in scant clothing. Charles Schatz, who with his wife and three children, lives on the third floor, got down the rear fire escape.

Benny Schatz, a lad of eight years, slipped and fell on the way down, plunging from the second floor to the yard. His right ankle was sprained.

Mrs. Schatz was so paralyzed by fear that she was unable to move from the top of the fire escape. She was brought down by Policeman Brennan of the Stage street station.

The fire started in a paint shop run by Epstein and Schatz on the first floor. The cause is unknown, but the firemen thought it was spontaneous combustion among paints and oil rags.

## ANTI-AFFINITY LEAGUE FORMED BY DETROIT WIFE

Members Are Pledged to Make  
Reports on Conduct of  
Married People.

DETROIT, March 22.—Mrs. Anna Kettel, a storekeeper, has organized an anti-affinity league. The constitution and by-laws, drawn by a lawyer, state the purposes of the society as follows:

"It shall be the duty of the officers and members of this league to exercise watchfulness over the conduct of other members and to report promptly to the league any conduct unbecoming a dutiful wife. Such conduct shall result in expulsion from the league and any other mark of disapproval which may be decided upon."

It is also provided that the members shall keep a watchful eye on women not in the association and look out for men who seem in danger of going astray.

There is altogether too much of this thing going on," said Mrs. Kettel today. "Right here in the neighborhood there are cases where families have been broken up through the actions of these hussies."

"There goes a woman," indicating a departing customer, "who has to support herself because one of these creatures ran away with her husband. The police ought to do something to save wives from such women."

Up to date no man has attempted to join the new association, though they are eligible.

SON'S SHOT KILLS FATHER.  
HORNELL, N. Y., March 22.—Orin Smith, who was shot by his son William on Saturday, following a quarrel at Albany, is dead at the hospital in this city, where he was brought following the tragedy. The son killed himself after shooting his father.

## "Miss White's" Husband Tells How He Fastened Her 500-Button Dress

"You Get Used to It," He Says, as Wife Listens  
—Tietjen, an Inventor, Is Now Working  
on an Unsinkable Warship.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

For a week the glories of President Elizabeth A. C. White, of the Dressmakers' Protective Association, have been celebrated in song and story. Everybody knows all about the 500-button dress, the rattail robe, the breakfast hood and the Capulet hat.

But few persons are aware that the tawny-haired oracle of fashion has a husband. He is Ernest August Tietjen, inventor and patentee, and for nearly five years has been Miss White's husband.

What, I wondered, did this husband think of his wife's invention of the 500-button dress?

Would he fasten hers for her? And if so, how long did it take him to button 500 buttons?

I decided to ask him. But the way to Mr. Tietjen led past the august presence of President White, and she was not inclined to look favorably upon my petition.

"I don't approve of a woman in business dragging her husband in," she said emphatically. "I've been married nearly five years, and, of course, I'm very happy."

Here I asked the name of the lucky man.

A Difference in Spelling.  
"Ernest August Tietjen," replied Miss White. Then she started to spell it for me. "E-r-n-e-s-t."

"No, no," broke in Miss White's pretty niece, Miss Lila, "it's E-t-i-e-n."

"It is not," Miss White retorted. "His is of German extraction and he pronounces his name A-I-R-N-E-S-T."

But the younger woman seemed inclined to insist.

"Please let her spell her husband's name any way she likes," I petitioned.

Whereupon Mr. Tietjen came. He is a blue-eyed, fresh-complexioned man with a mustache and goatee, who is perhaps a trifle younger than his well-known wife.

"What do you think of the 500-button dress?" I asked him.

"I think," began Mr. Tietjen. "He thinks it's fine," interrupted Miss White emphatically.

"Have you ever buttoned it?" Again the blushing Mr. Tietjen started to speak. But this time Miss Lila White spoke for him.

"Yes, indeed! He buttoned it up on me at our convention in Chicago. And the things he said! Well, I really couldn't repeat them."

Time, however, had softened Mr. Tietjen's recollection of the unhappy moment.

"They don't all button, you know," he explained. "Some of them are just for ornament. You get used to it."

White remarked: "Of course we go abroad every year to study the styles, and on the ship he puts on all my clothes for me. I never call the stewards. Stewards never get my things on right."

He's Invented Lots.  
Miss White settled herself more comfortably in the long chair, and she glanced admiringly at her husband.

"You know he's an inventor," she said. "He invented a hose supporter that he sold for \$2,000. Then he devised a spoonless mustard pot. You know how the mustard dries on the spoon in hotels and how inconvenient it is getting it out when the supply is low. Well, Mr. Tietjen's patent you just press a place on the handle and the mustard comes out the spout. It's great! He sold that for \$5,000."

"I am now at work on an unsinkable battleship," said Mr. Tietjen.

"But he never thought of it till he met me," said his wife.

"I could well believe her."

"He had a whole lot of great ideas," she continued. "But I showed him how to market them. Mr. Tietjen attends to his business and I attend to mine. He never interferes."

"No—not even when she rolls around

## RICH GIRL AUTOIST UPSET POLICEMAN, HELD AS SPEEDER

Her Car Wrecked McIntyre's  
Wheel After He had Ar-  
rested Her.

## MUST STAND A TRIAL.

Automobile Club's Counsel  
Pleaded in Vain for  
Licency.

Despite the almost tearful protests of former Magistrate Alfred E. Ommen, counsel for the Automobile Club of America, Magistrate House held Miss Lilybel Barnard in \$100 bail for trial in the Court of Special Sessions today on a charge of running her automobile beyond the speed limit. John Santa, chauffeur for William H. Barnard, a silk importer, who is the father of Miss Lilybel, was also held in \$100 bail on the same charge.

Miss Lilybel is a handsome, athletic girl, sixteen years of age and an automobile enthusiast. She has her own car, and took it out for a spin from her own home, No. 25 East Sixty-eighth street, yesterday afternoon, with Santa on the driving seat beside her. Policeman McIntyre, of the West One Hundred and Fifty-second street station, stopped her at One Hundred and Ninetieth street and Boulevard Lafayette and placed her under arrest.

She turned the car and started south at McIntyre's request, he meaning to take her to the station house. At One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street, in some manner unexplained, the car and McIntyre's bicycle collided. McIntyre was thrown and the bicycle was broken to pieces under one of the wheels of the automobile.

Wouldn't Drive Car.

Placing the wreck of his wheel in the car, McIntyre ordered Miss Lilybel to take him to the station house. She refused, but Santa took the chauffeur's place and ran the car. At the station McIntyre placed Santa under arrest for violating the speed ordinance while making the run from One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street to One Hundred and Fifty-second street.

Miss Lilybel and Santa, both indicted, were arraigned in Harlem Police Court this morning, and Mr. Ommen was indignant as his clients. McIntyre was asked by Magistrate House to tell the story of the arrest.

He said he followed Miss Lilybel's automobile from One Hundred and Eighty-fifth street to One Hundred and Ninetieth street, and timed the speed at twenty miles an hour. Mr. Ommen took a hand.

"How do you know the speed was twenty miles an hour?" he asked.

"I timed the car with my stop watch," replied McIntyre.

"Are you a chauffeur? Do you know anything about automobiles?" asked Mr. Ommen.

McIntyre replied in the negative. Mr. Ommen then asked for Miss Lilybel's discharge. Magistrate House refused the request, saying he would hold the young lady under \$100 bail and let the Court of Special Sessions decide the facts.

Wanted to Defend.

"Then," asked Mr. Ommen, "why should we put in a defense? Is the word of this uncouth and ungentelemanly policeman to be taken as against that of this highly cultured young woman? Is this outrageous dragging of a tenderly reared and highly cultured girl to a police station and a police court to be condoned?"

"I'd like to say, Your Honor," said McIntyre, "that the young lady's car ran into my wheel while I was riding alongside and put it out of business. I was thrown to the ground and narrowly escaped being run over. I don't accuse her of running me down deliberately, because I wouldn't prove it in my automobile. If my bicycle was useless I asked her to take me to the station house, and she at first refused to allow me to get into the automobile."

Miss Lilybel, who was muffled in a big pink coat, and wore a heavy veil, said she was desiring to be heard. She was asked to lift the veil and did so.

Policeman Was Disagreeable.

"I told the policeman," she said, "that he was mistaken; that I was not too fast, but he insisted upon arresting me. He was very disagreeable indeed—I might say impudent. It is true I refused to allow him to ride in my automobile. It was his own fault that he fell. His bicycle must have swerved."

Magistrate House insisted upon holding the young woman for trial. Her father furnished bail for her, and then Santa was arraigned.

"When the policeman ran his bicycle into Miss Barnard's car," said Santa, "he used language that no gentleman would use, and I told him so. I told him he ought to act like a gentleman. He said he'd show me who was the gentleman, and when we got to the station house he arrested me on the charge of running the car at twenty miles an hour while he was in it."

"I swear, Judge, that at no time while the policeman was in the car did I run faster than four miles an hour. Wouldn't I be a fool to run up a twenty-mile speed with him sitting beside me on the seat?"

The Court held, however, that it was a question of fact as between the policeman and the chauffeur. It was put up to the Court of Special Sessions and Mr. Barnard gave another \$100 bond for the chauffeur.

CONNIE EDISS NO BETTER.  
PITTSFIELD, Mass., March 22.—Miss Connie Ediss, who has been ill for the past month at her summer home in Savoy, was removed today to the Hillcrest Hospital in Pittsfield, where it was stated that a second operation would be performed. The first operation for stomach trouble performed at Savoy about a month ago did not give the expected relief.

While it was understood that the second operation would be a delicate one it was believed it was not extremely dangerous.

## CUPID GETS BUSY OVER FLUSHING 'PHONE WIRES

Five "Hello" Girls Will Leave  
Switchboards to Become  
Brides After Lent.

## "The matrimonial bee is buzzing at a

great rate in the Flushing offices of the New York and New Jersey Telephone Company, and five hello girls will abandon their switchboards and march to the altar directly after Lent. The five happy "Central" are:

Miss Rose Gilmartin, Miss Nellie Cornell, Miss Lottie Schultz, Miss Grace Turner and Miss Maud Wells. Miss Gilmartin will wed John McConnell, Miss Cornell will become Mrs. Frederick Burke, Miss Schultz the bride of Howard Oldfield, Miss Turner the bride of Addison Van Buren and Miss Wells the bride of Chris Ehrhardt.

All these happy young people live in Flushing, where they will set up their little establishments. Their romances all began over the wire, the dulcet voices of the hello girls breaking the hearts of the five young Flushingites on the very first connection.

But the busy matrimonial bee didn't confine its activities to the Flushing Central. He was busy in other village centres, with the result that the engagements are announced of James Connors and Mary Fluke, Harry Harriet and Eleanor Dures and Cliff Brown and Lydia Cornemann, all of Flushing.

## CARRIED TO COURT ON STRETCHER TO WIN \$50,000 SUIT

Injured Tunnel Worker, Cased  
in Plaster Cast, Testifies  
Against Contractors.

Incased in a plaster cast which he has worn for a year, Thomas Downs, tunnel worker, was carried on a stretcher into the Flushing Supreme Court today at the opening of his suit for \$50,000 damages against the contracting firm of S. Pierson Sons' Company, Limited, which is boring the Pennsylvania tunnel under the East River.

Downs was employed as foreman in the Long Island tunnel a year ago, when his back was broken. A runaway car came down behind him in the tunnel and struck him in the back. The surgeons who have attended him say that the broken vertebrae never will knit.

The young man was a giant in size at the time of the accident and never had known a sick day in his life. He is married and has four children. His testimony will be given from the stretcher and he probably will have to remain in court for several days. Justice Garretson and a jury are hearing the testimony in the damage suit.

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Write or phone, and man will call with samples, or call and select  
from our large assortment.

UPHOLSTERING DONE

## SONS SAVE BLIND MOTHER FROM DEATH BY GAS

Brothers Return Home Too  
Late to Rescue Their  
Aged Father.

Bernard and John Matter smelled gas  
in the hallway when they returned to  
their home, No. 671 Third avenue, Brook-  
lyn, at 1 A. M. to-day, after spending  
the evening with friends.

Opening the door of their apartment  
the fumes rushed out with such force  
they were nearly overcome. When able  
to proceed inside, they discovered their  
father, Bernard Matter Sr., sixty-six  
years old, unconscious but breathing  
faintly, on the kitchen floor. Their  
mother who is blind, was in bed uncon-  
scious. Gas was pouring from the  
stove.

After opening the windows the sons  
sent for an ambulance and Dr. Bell  
of Seney Hospital, reached the house  
just as the old man died. Mrs. Matter  
was taken to the hospital and is in a  
critical condition.

The police say it was a clear case of  
accident. The gas burner in the kitchen  
has two cocks, one shutting off the illu-  
minating supply and the other to which  
there was a tube coiled about a picture  
the cooking supply. It is supposed that  
in turning off the illuminating gas